

Woman's Magazine

A MODERN MAGDALEN

(Copyrighted, 1902, by the Press Publishing Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Katinka, eldest daughter of Hiram Jenkins, a ruined insurance man, lives in extreme poverty in a Brooklyn tenement, with her father, her stepmother, and her sister, Olivia. Her father, a student, who lives with her, is a man about town, who pursues her with insinuating attentions. Her father comes home from a vain search for work, with a plan for their betterment. Her father's plan is that Katinka marry Brinker, a rich and vulgar lawyer who has asked for her hand. Olivia, whom she loves, is dying for want of proper food. Notwithstanding this, Katinka goes on the stage, sending her father money enough to make the household comfortable. Her father, who has recovered, falls in love with John Strong, a reformer.

CHAPTER IV.

Discarded!

"My dear!" said Jenkins, rising slowly and slipping the hidden whiskey bottle into his coat-tail pocket. "Mr. Strong's discourse has provided us with food for earnest reflection. Mr. Brinker and I will pursue the theme in the garden. Think of it, Brinker," as the two departed, "think of that poor young man's awful ordeal and his heroism in letting through so heinous a performance. The measly little prig!" he finished as he and Brinker passed out of earshot.

"If ever the sun shines off of reformers," growled Brinker, "I shall chase that one around with an axe." "Olivia," said Strong, when he was left alone with the two women, "that awful woman's face has made me ill. I loathe it. All evil revolts me."

"Oh, how noble you are, John!" sighed the girl. "And how I look up to you!" "That is right, my dear," he assented, patting her hand. "It was your goodness and the severe respectability of your whole family that first won my heart."

"I shall always try to be worthy of you, dear John," whispered the girl.

"And I'm sure you'll succeed, my dear," he answered, encouragingly. "Mrs. Jenkins, do you object to our marriage taking place in six weeks from now? I am about to leave the ranks of reform and become a public preacher, and I wish to marry before taking that step."

"Oh, John," cried Olivia, "what a grand preacher you will be! You use such beautiful language!"

"Yes, I am a great elocut. Well, do you consent, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"If you wish it, John; I think it can be arranged. In six weeks, you say?"

"In six weeks, you will always be welcome in our little home, Mrs. Jenkins. I am going now, Olivia, will you walk a little way with me?"

"Gladly, dear. Good-by, mamma."

"Well, I managed that affair pretty well, I think," chuckled Mrs. Jenkins when they were gone. "Hiram," as Jenkins and Brinker wandered in from the garden, "Olivia is to be married in six weeks."

"Is she? Poor girl! I fancy she—Hello! there's a carriage at the gate. Why—why, it is Katinka!" "No!" shouted Brinker, rapturously.

"I'll not stay to see the creature," declared Mrs. Jenkins, stamping out of the room.

"At last! At last!" muttered Brinker.

"Any one at home?" called a laughing voice from the hallway. The next moment Katinka had run into the room.

Brinker gasped in amazement at the change that had come in her so well remembered as a discontented, ill-dressed girl, with all the awkwardness of youth.

The woman he now saw was brilliantly attired. The perfect beauty of her face was marked with a hard gaiety in place of the old discontent. The graceful, elegant figure seemed to throw the rest of the room into shadow.

"My child," declared Jenkins, theatrically, "come to my arms! I might as well have earned Brinker's \$1,000!" he murmured to himself as the girl threw her arms about his neck.

"Why, Katinka," broke in Brinker, finding voice at last, "haven't you a word for an old friend?"

"Why, it's Uncle Brinker!" laughed Katinka, seeing him for the first time. "Hello, Mr. Brinker. How are they treating you?"

"Glad—glad to see you," he stammered, confusedly. "No ill-feeling, I hope?"

"Of course not so long as you don't bother me. Say, you've improved. You dress in better taste and you talk less like a longshoreman than you did a year ago. You must have been brushing up. How do you like my looks?"

"You're glorious. You're the limit. Isn't she, Jenkins?"

"To a father's fond but judicious eye she is ever fair," replied Jenkins, "and now, Brinker, if you'll excuse a second, I'd like to breathe a few words in private into her shell-like ear. Family matter, you understand."

"My dear," he went on, to his daughter, as Brinker moved out of hearing, "I can never thank you sufficiently for the frequent and generous remittances that have lifted us from dire poverty to the lap of luxury—as the poet!"

"Don't speak of that, father. You've said it all so often in your letters. I know it by heart. As long as I have cash I'll share it with you, and—"

"But there is one thing more," faltered Jenkins. "In

the interest of family peace, of domestic discipline, I have deemed it wiser to withhold from your stepmother and Olivia the sweet truth that we owe all our prosperity to you. In fact I have let it be believed I had grown prosperous through an insurance agency. You see—"

"Oh, I see! You were ashamed of me!"

"No, no! Shame is an emotion I have ever striven

"Not on your life. I want to know all about you!" "Easily told. I'm on the stage."

"Good work! What's your line?"

"Vaudeville. I sing and dance."

"Queer I've never seen your name."

"Oh, I've dropped it. I'm just billed as 'The Mad-cap' that's all."

"Well, I'll be blessed," roared Brinker. "The Mad-

RENUNCIATION.



"MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER MUST FOREVER WALK ALONE."

to crush under foot. But—dear, you won't tell them, will you?"

"I should have liked Olivia to know—to know I haven't forgotten her," murmured Katinka, brokenly.

"But you promise, oh child of my love?"

"Oh, yes, I promise," she answered coldly, turning away from him. "And now, Uncle Brinker, tell me all about yourself."

cap? Why isn't Strong still here? I'm coming to see you, dear, old girl. This evening. We're friends again, ain't we?"

"Surely, as long as you don't bother me."

"Is that your carriage out there, Katinka?" queried Jenkins, who had been looking out of the window.

"Yes, pretty, isn't it? That's a friend of mine in it."

"A friend of my beloved child's must be a friend of mine," replied Brinker. "Have him in, I beg."

"All right," assented the girl.

Going to the window she hailed the man in the carriage. He obeyed her call.

"Albert," she commanded as the stranger entered the room, "shake hands with my father."

"Why, if it isn't Lindsey!" blurted out Brinker.

"Oh, you know him, do you?" said Katinka, in surprise.

Lindsey could not wholly repress a start as his eyes met Brinker's.

He was as faultlessly attired as when he had followed Katinka home to her attic room years before; but a drawn look of the face and a feverish unrest of the dark eyes showed that life had not been all roses to Albert Lindsey.

"Tell me about Olivia, father," Katinka was saying. "Albert and Uncle Brinker will keep each other amused while you show me over the house and tell me all about her."

She dragged her father away, leaving Brinker and Lindsey alone.

"So!" sneered Brinker, glancing from Lindsey to Katinka's vanishing form and back again. "So there's where the money goes! Eh, Mr. Lindsey?"

"Well, what if it does?" retorted Lindsey coldly. "None of my business, you mean?" suggested Brinker.

"Exactly."

"Well, it isn't so long as you pay what you owe me."

"You've had all your money, haven't you?" answered Lindsey indignantly.

"Not quite," observed Brinker, calmly lighting a black cigar.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the last two checks you sent me were returned from the bank."

"A mere oversight. I'll rectify it."

"I hope so. Looks ugly, just the same."

"What the deuce do you mean by that?" cried Lindsey furiously.

"Keep cool, my son, and listen to your Uncle Brinker," said the other, unmoved. "If you're wise you'll make me your friend instead of riling me. I don't object to your having a good time, but I want a good time, too. Introduce me to your crowd. Let me in on some of these jolly little after-theatre suppers I hear so much about. I've known Katinka since she was a kid. I've got cash and I'm willing to blow it, and I want you to teach me how to. Do that and I'll make things easy for you."

"What you ask is quite out of the question," replied Lindsey haughtily. "I do not care to introduce a money lender to my friends."

"No?" said Brinker, without the slightest rancor. "Then I'll drop in at your house and have a little chat with your wife on things in general."

"Brinker!"

"Oh, you can't overawe me. I'm a straightforward man myself. My cards are on the table, face up. How about the deal?"

"I'll—I'll think it over," muttered Lindsey.

"That's right. You know where I hang out."

"How glad you look!" cried Katinka, coming back with Jenkins.

SUMMER DRINKS INJURIOUS.

The happiness of the summer girl has been threatened with extinction.

A chemist's edict has gone forth that all colored drinks contain deadly poisons that are injurious to the system.

It is a sad ending for the gay creme de menthe and its violet-colored companion, creme de yvette.

The great popularity of summer drinks lies largely in the fact that they are attractively colored, which catches the eye of the unsuspicious young person, who seeks not only a thirst quencher, but an attractive-looking drink as well.

A well-known chemist has declared that out of twenty-nine samples of the summer tipple which he examined, including creme de yvette, creme de rose, curacao, and even creme de celeri, nineteen contain malachite green, methyl violet, ponceau or other dyes.

Other experiments have demonstrated that coal tar dyes are used with great frequency in a variety of foods, some to such an extent that they are mildly injurious to health.

Others are employed in quantities sufficient to produce more or less disturbance in the system, while a few are

used to the extent that they can be considered absolutely poisonous.

Of all these colored drinks uncolored creme de menthe is probably the safest. It contains very little salt, says the Pittsburgh Gazette.

The greater popularity of the green product is due to the effect of the coal tar dye, which is known to the chemical profession as malachite green.

This note of warning sounded by the danger signal displayed from the chemical watch tower will have a certain influence upon the desires of the summer girl.

But it is not believed that she will long be at her wits' end to employ a substitute for the loss of the liquid happiness heretofore served in colored portions.

It is believed that it will have a tendency to increase the great popularity of the lighter beers and of the seductively sweet sarsaparilla.

The soda water fountains will doubtless offer an array of new and uncolored drinks to offset the feeling of alarm which the general intelligence spread by the chemical analysis has aroused.

The beautiful pale-blue peau de crepe gown shown in the accompanying illustration is another of those effective Parisian creations. Its attractiveness lies chiefly in its graceful lines, which my readers may have in a less expensive combination of materials than the original calls for.

A good peau de crepe such as this gown is built of, comes high, and also the point velvet lace comes at no small cost, as one might readily perceive when the quantity used is considered. The figures mounted on the lace are formed of the crepe embroidered in dainty figures.

Note the exquisite lines in the skirt, the clinging effect through the skirt with a good substantial flare at the top. I will tell my readers just how this effect is obtained, but first let me state what material they could afford to use in copying this model.

Picture this gown made of baby blue lisle silk or silk mousseline which is as fashionable now. Cut the lining of lisle silk of the same shade, a three-piece lawn, a frog core and one gate each side which extends to the centre back. Do not cut these very circular, as you do not desire any more flare than the 12-inch flounce which joins the skirt will give. Have a little soft handkerchief at the foot of the flounce, and two little gain, edged ruffles.

Make the outside skirt as the design shows with a yoke of bands joined with an open-work stitch and have the part of where the lace is required of black.

A DISAGREEMENT.

"I had business in the far West last winter," said a Boston lawyer the other day, "and while I was stopping in a small town for a day or two, a man was tried for stealing a horse."

"I went over to court to see how they put things through and closely followed the evidence on both sides. There wasn't the shadow of a doubt in my mind that the prisoner was guilty, and that evening I said so to his lawyer."

The jury lost your case to-morrow. The judge said you were certainly mistaken."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied.

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied.

"I've got two brilliant ideas on the case, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family do you?"

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied.

"I've got two brilliant ideas on the case, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family do you?"

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied.

"I've got two brilliant ideas on the case, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family do you?"

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied.

"I've got two brilliant ideas on the case, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family do you?"

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

"But I do, you know," he replied.

"I've got two brilliant ideas on the case, and you don't suppose they are going back on the family do you?"

"You don't hope to get him off, do you?"

"Well, maybe not, but there'll surely be a disagreement."

"I thought I counted on that if I had the case."

chantilly net 60 cents per yard, double width, with figures applied here and there. These figures may be cut out of insertion or lace, which can be bought

net. The bodice is treated in the same way as far as the lace is concerned. The stock collar and tiny yoke of bands is sheer, being kept in place by

effect, the net and bands filling out the remainder of the waist.

This design seems to me to be just the thing for one of my readers whose letter is signed "A Brooklyn Girl."

WHITE SILK MULL.

Kindly inform me of a skirt was to make a white silk mull. I am nineteen years old and five and a half feet tall. Mrs. H. M.

A dainty design for a white silk mull is made with a yoke on the skirt consisting of bands of white taffeta joined with a feather stitch, the skirt being shirred below this, having a flounce when joined the skirt, with three pointed shirring finishing the foot of the flounce.

The bodice is made with a deep yoke which extends over the sleeves of bands and shirring like the skirt yoke. The waist being full below that, with lace applique. Wear a fitted tulle bodice with a yoke of bands. Wear the shirred skirt full just to the elbow, with a fitted pointed band of taffeta headed just to cover the elbow.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

effect, the net and bands filling out the remainder of the waist.

This design seems to me to be just the thing for one of my readers whose letter is signed "A Brooklyn Girl."

WHITE SILK MULL.

Kindly inform me of a skirt was to make a white silk mull. I am nineteen years old and five and a half feet tall. Mrs. H. M.

A dainty design for a white silk mull is made with a yoke on the skirt consisting of bands of white taffeta joined with a feather stitch, the skirt being shirred below this, having a flounce when joined the skirt, with three pointed shirring finishing the foot of the flounce.

The bodice is made with a deep yoke which extends over the sleeves of bands and shirring like the skirt yoke. The waist being full below that, with lace applique. Wear a fitted tulle bodice with a yoke of bands. Wear the shirred skirt full just to the elbow, with a fitted pointed band of taffeta headed just to cover the elbow.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

TO USE MILLINERY REMNANTS.

The somewhat fanciful collection which one young woman has found interesting to accumulate is that of the fans that she has owned or acquired. These include some beautiful specimens as well as some that are interesting through association. She opens each fan and stitches it lightly to a large piece of dull red velvet that is attached to a rod, and is sewing, banner-like, on the wall in her room.

It is an excellent plan to have a box for hat trimmings in which all the millinery odds and ends left over from season to season may be kept, says Harper's Bazar. Fashion